

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

Saturday, February 8, 1812.

[NO. 16.]

EXTRACTED.

FROM

THE FOUNDLING OF

BELGRADE.

Alfonso stood in mute astonishment; the rapid succession of ideas which floated upon his mind, deprived him of all power to express sufficient the weight of obligation for so singular an instance of affection from a stranger. Unused to kind expressions of friendship, habituated to disappointments, innured to the vicissitudes of life, and abandoned by the world at large his feeling on the present occasion was difficult to be described. The duke read the commotion he had produced; and rightly appreciating the nature of Alfonso's feelings, hastened to relieve them. He renewed his professions of gratitude, called him again by the endearing appellation of son, and concluded by urging him to the execution of his trust.

If Alfonso hesitated a moment it was not because he was undecided in the nature of his reply. Transported by the repeated assurances of the duke's affection, and

the complexion of that confidence reposed in him, he was solicitous to express his obligation in language as powerful as were his feelings.

'Thanks to my God,' cried the duke tranquillity of my mind—but stay—there is one thing yet which still remains to be performed. *That, Alfonso,*" he added with solemn emphasis, "you cannot do, though you may aid me in its accomplishment. In the capital of Arragon dwells a good and virtuous man. He is a monk, and many a time have I joined in the enthusiastic plaudits of admiring multitude—many a time have I myself been witness to the generous principles which adorn his mind. Numberless are the instances of his charitable and benevolent disposition. He it is, Alfonso, above all men I have a desire to converse with before I quit the unsubstantial pleasures of this world. Saragossa is not far from this—may I request you to see him; his name is Miguel, superior of the Franciscan monastery.—Tell him who I am—the condition I am in, and the nature of my request. He knows me well and will guess my meaning."

Alfonso departed in conformity; he was curious to develop the motive's which so suddenly occasioned the duke to send for the monk. He retraced the conversation they had just had; but without effect. His curiosity was roused, but not satisfied! the solemnity with which he spoke too, was remarkable. He recollected the habits of the duke; compared them with those of a monk, but all were of no avail. It was a mystery which baffled his understanding.

At length arrived at the monastery, it was sometime before he could gain admission. When conducted into the presence of the abbot, he was struck with his physiognomy; he had expected to meet a cold, haughty, and austere conventual, and beheld a pleasing image of venerable philanthropy. Having delivered his brief message, the good old man turned aside in deep meditation; his rapid stride his anxious inquiries, and the sudden changes of his countenance, confirmed Alfonso in the mystery he suspected and redoubled his curiosity. He endeavoured to draw from the abbot some explanation, but without effect.

'The duke, Aranza, at the point of death,' cried Miguel recovering from his reverie, 'and I still here!—pray be seated my son.'

In a short time he entered with a letter in his hand. 'My son,'

said he, 'it is impossible to leave the convent at this moment—to-morrow I shall be master of my time, Brother Ambrosio will accompany you to the duke; take with you this letter, it will revive his drooping spirits; but hasten back with all dispatch.'

Alfonso did as he was desired. The duke no sooner read the letter, than his countenance announced the prophetick promises of the monk. His spirits became more lively and animated, even his bodily pain exhibited symptoms of decrease. The following day Alfonso was again dispatched to the monastery, more and more amazed at all he saw. Miguel asked with a smile if his assurances had been verified. 'I knew it' he cried,—'my medicine never fails, permit me to offer you some refreshment my son; I'll attend you presently to the duke.'

It has been mentioned that Alfonso was an officer in the spanish service. The regiment of—, in which he served in the rank of lieutenant, formed part of the legion which lined the frontiers of Portugal, when a rupture, between the two kingdoms, was expected in the year 179—. A few months antecedently to the period we now speak of, all differences having been accommodated the troops, to the exception of a few, were recalled and Alfonso's regiment marched into Arragan having the city of Sarragossa for its head quarters. He had been attached to

this corpse from his first *debut* in the spanish army—comprising a period of something less than three years. The same colonel was still in command; and the good understanding which uniformly subsisted among the officers in general, together with the character of the regiment itself, had preserved its original staff to the exception of one or two death vacancies.

The profession of a soldier is at best an idle life, and ever the parent of *ennui* to an active mind. But fond of letters, and the cultivation of science, Alfonso suffered little depression from the endless uniformity of his condition. The hours which intervened the duties of his profession, were parcelled out in select variety. Temperate in his living, and chaste in his conversation, he was never observed in the midnight bacchanalian. Lively in his humor, and sprightly in his imagination, the sallies of his wit were distinguished by feeling, modesty and deference. When no longer pleased with the convivial board, or when the prattling of a vain gallant, cards, or a tedious circumlocution of parade etiquette ceased to entertain, he would retire from the mess room to seek it among the families he knew, or realize it in study and retirement. Honored by the friendship of his commander, beloved by his brother officers, and courted by a few families of distinction in the neighborhood, he was as happy as one without relations, and a mys-

terious cloud about his birth, could expect.

From the officers of the regiment he selected one as the companion of all his visits, the associate in all his studies, and the confident in all his studies, and the confident in all his secrets—no! there was one secret he had preserved entire—it was his native country and the singular events of his youth. Captain Bernard was his senior in years as well as in rank. Like himself, chaste in sentiments and fond of science, he was brave, humane, honorable in his dealings, sincere and permanent in his attachments. There was another circumstance which contributed much, not only to the foundation of their intimacy, but to strengthen their mutual friendship. All their brother officers were affluent and chiefly younger sons of nobility. Alfonso's only subsistence was his pay; and Bernard though he enjoyed an annuity, purchased from the wreck of his family, once opulent, it was slender in itself, and inadequate to contend against the extravagance which surrounded him. Happy for both they had resolution to withstand the folly of their associates, and philosophy sufficient to persevere in an abstraction from superfluity. Both managed so well in the arrangement and distribution of their finances, that they realized a parity of appearance with their associates, even in the practice of a steady system of economy.

There is a happy mixture of honor and noble frankness of disposition in the military character, which seems peculiar to the profession. Ever conspicuous, it is the spontaneous effusion of genuine patriotism and unsophisticated honesty. The habits of a soldier might incline many to doubt the existence of sentiments seemingly foreign to the din of arms, and the passive machines of a ruling faction; but distinct from the mass of the people, he is habituated to the peculiar prejudices of his associates; and the heart untainted by the selfish passions which inflame the votaries of wealth, he is equally prompt to avenge the enemies of his country and the insult offered to him as susceptible to the appeal of indigence and affliction. How different the character of the intriguing courtier, the commercial speculist, the quibbling lawyer, or the heated zealot! The soldier's acceptance of honor is undeviating. In the latter, where we might record one single instance of generous feeling, there would be ten to poison and obliterate the tribute we would bestow. Beyond this, however, we cannot applaud. The idle life of a soldier rarely spares him from reproach. Intemperance is a vice not only as it regards the morals of the man, but as it impairs and destroys the constitution:—she is the offspring of idleness—the twin sister of play.

Beloyed of all their messmates

the society of Bernard and Alfonso was eagerly courted, and various the stratagems employed to decoy them to the hazard-table. Although in this regiment it was not encouraged perhaps, to an equal extent with other corps in the service, yet it was too predominant; and sensible of the insidious influence of the passion, both obstinately declined every overture which was made.

Alfonso was indebted to his friend for advice on this as well as on other subjects. He had not experienced the advantages of precept Bernard had; and though he too lost his father before he was sensible of the misfortune, he had a mother! From her he acquired the rudiments of virtue—to her he was indebted for the rich endowments of his mind. She it was who taught him the history of that father he had never known, and the lesson had its influence with the son. She described this father as the best, the tenderest of husbands—one who was once affluent; but play, cursed play, though it never changed his affections, it ruined his fortune, and drove him from affluence to a cottage!

(To be Continued.)

APHORISMS.

Actions.—Our actions are like the jingle of rhyme, which every one repeats in his own manner.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

A LETTER

To a GENTLEMAN, who after seducing an amiable Young Lady, forsook her and occasioned her Death.

To Mr. ———

S I R,

I am so well acquainted with your character, that I make no doubt of your receiving this letter with cold indifference, at least, if not with indignant slight; but, Sir, I ask not now your immediate attention to it—your mind, I trust, has not lost all its sensibility, and there will be a time when this letter may act as a monitor—till then, what you have done will appear to be no crime, and you will continue to extend your criminality, until to do wrong shall become your study, your pleasure, and, as it were, your duty. If the many vices which degrade your character, leave you uncertain of my meaning by this letter, know that the purpose of it is to announce the death of Miss ———, whom you basely betrayed to shame and dishonor.

Yes, Sir, this night she lies in her grave, a monument of your infamy, and an example of the noble pride of virtue, that allows not its possessor to live in shame. Of her dishonor you have the wretched merit—may you also have a share in her contrition!

In your boyish years, I remember you had fair for goodness and wisdom; personal accomplishments seemed to embellish mental worth; but the influence of bad company, and the power of a latent bad disposition, soon changed your conduct, and established your character. Wealth, and external advantages, furnished you with means, and you thought it argued a want of spirit not to employ those in the ruin of innocence. I know that many have fallen victims to your arts, who, in fact, had little else but *reputation* to mark the distinction between them and the worthless. The conquest over such was easy, and therefore to you satiating and unfashionable.

To ruin virtue when a principle of the mind, and a guide to the actions, seemed a more glorious undertaking; and you entered on it with a malignant spirit and unabating ardor. Had your cruelty been confined to those who, wanting wealth, want friends, it is probable we had remained ignorant of it; but when you dared to degrade rank, equal to your own, to infamy equal to your own, there baseness equal to your own, there baseness could no longer be concealed.

When I review the arts which you practised in the ruin of that beautiful unfortunate, who has just left the world, I know not whether to be most indignant against your profligacy, or to wonder at the ingenuity which marked

every step you took. In reputation and fortune, you knew the family to be equal, if not above, your own. This daughter's education was the only pleasure of her parents declining days. Her heart was carefully tutored to every worthy thought, and it was a pleasing reflection, that her early merit spoke her to be amiable, ingenuous, and sensible.

But, unhappily there is in female youth, a critical period, when sensibility of soul leaves them susceptible of many impressions, and while it is experience only that can guide them to discriminate between those impressions, her few years kept her ignorant of that experience—It was this period you chose for the accomplishment of your designs. You interposed ere the laws of right and wrong, the nice boundaries of prudence, could be established. You laid your plans with penetration and subtlety, and concealed their depth with hypocrisy. The victim of your artifice had not yet learned that one might smile and deceive; and, at a time when she believed every one to be as much a friend to sincerity and undisguised truth as herself, you taught her, by sad experience what happier females know only by report—that an ingenuous mind is ever in danger from the machinations of a designing world.

—Every crime, like this of your's takes from the general character of youth, and stamps a degree of infamy on us, which heightens the

common prejudices. But, independent of this, were the consequences of your profligacy confined to one alone. Was Emilia the only sufferer by her folly and your guilt?—No—Your cruelty has even extended beyond your intention—even beyond the grave—Think, Sir, of her parents. You never was ignorant of their worth, nor a stranger to their friendship. This daughter was their only comfort, saved from the wreck of a numerous family, and the tender care that made life desirable. But the horrors of such a disappointment are only describable in their effects. So baneful and so speedy have these been, that it is probable ere this reaches you, there will not survive one individual belonging to the family to reproach you for your baseness.

Do not, Sir, review this mournful calamity with a smile of conscious pride and power. Do not trace the steps which led to it, and boast of their success. You have no cause to elevate your mind—you triumphed over virtue—you triumphed over humanity—you sneered at the distress which you occasioned, and deserted the object with an unfeeling speed.

But, Sir, although you may carry your *pride* to the lowest grave, your *power* draws apace to its period. Health, even with temperance and virtue, has neither permanence nor certainty. Pensive moments will come to make you wretched, when you least expec-

them. The days of your seeming prosperity wear to their end; your pleasure decays in every enjoyment. All that serenity which seems to light you the way to happiness, is but the "unreal mockery" of a deluded mind—A cloud of misery hangs over your head to darken the days of remorse—When they come, as soon they must, you will be the first to pronounce, that you are unfit to live, yet more unfit to die.

Reserve this letter for the first interview you shall have with *yourself*. If that interview be of your own seeking, it will be a friendly dissuasive—If not and you be driven by disease to seek for death, it will join with your bitterest reflections; your end will be miserable, as your life has been vicious—

For the Lady's Miscellany.

STORY.

*of an unfortunate YOUNG LADY
written by Herself,* in a letter
to a Friend.*

To Miss LUCINDA C—

My sudden departure from E—, and the uncertainty of even my most intimate friends, concerning my place of residence, are circumstances peculiarly unfavourable to me at this time. Doubtless they have long ere now, been interpreted much to my disadvan-

* See the preceeding letter relative to his story.

tage—I cannot help it—I cannot fly from censure. I do not deserve the pity which a less guilty object might claim and receive. All I suffer in this world cannot equal my offences, and at the awful moment of death, I will seek no subterfuge.

Yet, Lucinda, among my friends, there are some, on whose tenderness and unshaken sympathy I can depend. Guilty as I have been, there are some who may remember my frailties with a charitable sorrow, many a distant year after she who has wrung their hearts, shall have slept in cold earth. It is to them and you I now address myself. With the world I am too insignificant to be remembered; their censure or charity, their pity or spleen, are exerted on present objects. But I know that your goodness of heart will interpose to construe favourably on all my errors, and pity sincerely where you cannot withhold your blame: your judgment will direct how much of my story may be communicated at home; but use not art to extenuate. When I am gone, the memory of departed penitence will raise that tenderness which I had probably been without, if my life had still continued a burthen to myself, and a reproachful calamity to my friends.

The morning of my unhappy existence arose with every beauty that could bid fair for a cheerful day. The youngest of an honora-

ble family, I received every attention which the fondest of parents could bestow, and as death had lessened our number, those attentions were mine alone. My infant days glided with unusual pleasantness. Partial friends thought they discovered a disposition, and an innocence in my early deportment that rewarded their care, and might comfort their old age. All around gave me credit for many virtues, the want of which I have since sincerely lamented. Innocence in youth is too often but ignorance of vice. While I smiled on the lap of an enraptured mother, could she have discerned the true colour of my fate, she would have prayed that every hour might be my last. Fatal is the mist of parental tenderness; it blinds to the beginnings of vice, and begets habits of fond partiality which embitter disappointment.

Confiding in the promising respect of my mind, she was less attentive to cultivate and direct its powers, to regulate its emotions, and fill its vacancies, than to adorn that outside which nature had finished, and recommend those employments which the vanity of youth is sufficient of itself to point out. Dress and finery were my only studies; youth and folly like my own my only companions. I had virtuous example before me daily: but when the principles of rectitude are allowed to starve on the soul, it becomes unambitious of its greatest excellence. I was

innocent because without temptation, but I knew not the value of that innocence until I had lost it—Every one said, I was a pattern of youthful virtue and worth, but none taught me to preserve that virtue and enlarge that worth. The elegance of apparel, the splendour of a ball-room, and the variations of the fashion were strongly recommended, and by me unremittingly considered as objects of the most serious consequence. Born to a family, distinguished on account of its merit, I exulted in the pride of reputation borrowed from hereditary worth: and soothed myself with the reflection (when I *did* reflect) that as my reputation was untouched, it was also invulnerable. My character for innocence formed a security on which I determined to rest an independent confidence. Naturally gay and lively, I was by education rendered more so. Ever prone to return the social smile, and re-echo the loud laugh of a vacant mind, I had no propensity to anticipate misery. Abandoning my imagination, and sacrificing my time to the delights of the present moment, I left the days of sorrow to come when they would. Such a disposition could not fail of producing a dangerous thoughtlessness and inattention. Yet I thought it an happy disposition—but it deepened the gloom of that tempest which gathered around me, and burst on my devoted head when I was least able to encounter it.

About two years ago I became acquainted with Mr. ———, by one of these accidental interviews for which there is no accounting. From this moment, however, I date my ruin. Being of that age when young females are surrounded and pleased with the language of flattery, I observed, with satisfaction, the many civilities with which Mr. ——— honored me; and as he frequently distinguished me from others, I contracted a liking to his company. His address was most insinuating, his appearance that of a man of honor and sincerity, and his vices too closely covered for my penetration. Had they been less so, my thoughtlessness was too great to permit me to employ even the little discernment I did possess. He was skilled in dissimulation—I was all ingenuousness. He knew the human heart—he had traced back the corruption of his own, and could corrupt the hearts of others. I acquired the character of being affable—you know it. To me no grace seemed more attracting than affability, and both nature and art conspired to make it mine. In the company of all I was ingenuous and free—but in the company of ——— I lost every reserve. So deceitful was his exterior, that I thought myself not less safe with him than with the best of my own sex.

But let such of them as can still boast of happiness unburied by guilt, and virtue unspotted by passion,

remember, that there are sacred bounds beyond which no female delicacy can subsist—which to overleap, is to hazard virtue and character; it is to leave those paths which lead to supreme felicity, and to wander in an alluring but delusive country, from which there can be no return unburdened with remorse, misery, and shame. Let them learn of me, that this is not the age when ingenuousness and open hearted conduct are in no danger from the unfeeling and treacherous. Let them learn of me, that it is not an elevation of rank, or the most exalted speculative purity and innocence which can screen them in an hour of passion, unless they shelter themselves under the wings of that angel, by whose power their weakness becomes strength. Confiding in this, let them relinquish all security in lesser helps, or the unavailing consciousness of harmless meaning.

The destroyer of my peace continued to take every method in his power to ingratiate himself with me. These were not unsuccessful. He soon inspired me with the tenderest passion for him. He made me believe—an easy task to a young, vain, and credulous mind!—that the happiness or misery of his future life depended upon me. It was not in my power to give pain; it was not for my years to suspect his intentions. Gratitude for his distinguishing preference seemed not only a duty, but a

emotion peculiarly amiable and graceful at my age. In a word, what he seemed to feel, joined with the impassioned tenor of his whole conduct, laid the most forcible claims on my affections. I had an enemy within my own bosom to second his attempts, an unformed, inexperienced soul, that had not yet learned to suspect the alluring pleasure which courted its embrace. I knew how to gratify my inclinations, but I had not been taught to correct their luxuriance when in an hurtful channel. He told me that love was the supreme bliss of human life ; that it would be infinitely more so, if free and unfettered by the trammels of man's invention ; that no emotions could have been planted in our breasts merely to be repelled, and that youth was the season made for unbounded pleasure.

Lessons of this undoing import he whispered at first, in distinct and casual expressions, but according as he saw their influence, continued to instil them with firmness, and maintained his opinion with every specious argument, and every grace of language. Aided by credulity and negligence, they sunk deep into a mind already too well prepared to receive them, and where better principles had not been placed to resist the attacks of sophistry and delusion. By injunctions of the strictest silence, to which I faithfully acceded, he left me exposed to every imprudence that he could contrive, or my folly

suggest. Cruel wretch ! these were deep designs, too subtle, and too well disguised for my slender knowledge of mankind—too successful against a mind softened into credulity, and weakened by unconstrained gaiety.

Imperceptible were the gradations to my guilt, for by slow and pleasurable steps he perverted my judgment to a mistaken pliancy that plunged me deeper into insensibility. Every circumstance around me conspired to hasten my ruin. Friends knew not my danger—I knew it not myself. His artful insinuations, like the arrow that flies in darkness, wounded my reason, ere I yet was conscious of their approach, and rendered me inattentive to the measure of my guilt. I was unmindful of the dignity of my character, because I did not yet know what it was to pine under the censure of mankind. I was ungrateful to the best exertions of friendship, nor thought that person my friend who dared to put a negative on my levity. But the time was not far off when I was to know what a void there is in the human heart, when deprived of the inestimable blessings of friendship and innocence.—Heavens ! how would indignation rise, could I recount half the artful snares laid for my destruction ; not a motion, nor a look that he did not watch with attentive solicitude to manifest his regard for me—to promote his base purposes—Yes, Lucinda, the most charitable

bosom, however teeming with benevolence and philanthropy, would swell to madness, and the meek and forgiving soul that never knew to chide, would curse such deliberate attempts to ruin innocence. May I be the last victim on this dreadful shrine! May his sex henceforth learn humanity, and our's wisdom! May the time commence from this hour, when men shall be eager to cherish and support virtue, and women anxious to join affection and reputation, rectitude and love in the same bosom.

Yet in the moments of reflection—for none are free from those—it may be thought I might have found resolution sufficient to stop my father's progress in delusion; but, alas! these were filled up with employments, on which it is impossible to look back without anguish. He brought me many books for my perusal, written by vicious and mercenary men, who had much rather flatter the depraved taste of a dissipated age, than make any efforts to correct it. From such books his arguments found an irresistible strength. The language of many of them was elegant and persuasive, the illusions frequent and pleasing, and the whole decked out in a dress of virtue and wisdom, that could not fail to attract, and by attracting deceive. The fictions of love created in me its most dangerous sensibilities; my heart became weak and susceptible. The struggles of virtue were faint;

those pernicious palliatives to guilty indulgence quenched the few remaining sparks of expiring fortitude.

But, my dear Lucinda, join with me in wishing, that the young may henceforth judge of no merit from its external appearance, not even of virtue if in a gaudy dress. Could I spare a tear from my own misery it should be shed over the many woes that await this unhappy land, where vice wears the charm of virtue, and virtue has lost the strength of her empire. There was a time when vice to be hated needed only to be seen, but now it is gilded over with such cunning, as to slide into our minds unseen and unknown, until it begins to prey on our happiness. Cursed be the maxims of profligate pleasure, that unhappy rock on which so many mariners, in the voyage of life heedlessly split; and while the laws of men neglect the cruel deluder, may the interposition of Heaven put a period to the reign of this foe to virtue, and still the tumultuous breast that meditates rebellion against the laws of humanity!—Am I unreasonably severe against the destroyers of peace; or do they deserve pity?—No—The child that is yet unborn will ere long imprecate the avenging hand of heaven. The aged parent and tender friend will pray for a speedy issue to the pride of those unfeeling men, who thirst after human happiness, and sacrifice it to the impulse of a moment.

Thus on all hands were the snares of sophistry laid, and the delusions of love held out before me. My only sentiment was love—my only duty to obey the enticements of my own will. Excuses I ever found in the arguments which had undone me till at length reason, conscience, reputation, all stilled, my errors did not cost me a thought—nor my advances towards ruin interrupt one moment of gaiety. In one of the many evil and unguarded hours to which my rashness exposed me, I lost all that is valuable in woman, the dignity of character, the consciousness of spotless virtue.

By this train of infamy was the happiness of my days mournfully ended. By these means was I seduced from the paths of innocence and virtue, to be bewildered in mazes, from which no reputation can be extricated, and in which no peace of mind can have permanent security. Yet so well planned were the devices of my enemy, that the delusions which made me guilty for a time kept me so. A succession of guilt was as a pleasing dream, in which all my senses were fast locked.

Such seeming serenity was of short duration. The garments of vice, although pleasing on first putting on, soon became cumbrous and uneasy, for I had rejected that vesture which alone could have protected me against the

storms of life, and the agonizing reflections that vexed my solitary moments. I soon lost that elation of mind with which I welcomed an approaching friend. Conscience opened to me the excess of my folly, and sunk me into the most contemptuous disesteem with myself. I knew not where or how to hide my guilt from the world. Life and all its duties, exigencies, and pleasures, began to present themselves, but I had no inheritance in them. I had neither the prospects nor the hopes of youth. Abandoned by myself, afraid to look into my own mind—afraid to look back on the past, I yet trembled to cast an eye towards my future days. Remorse and shame planted daggers in my soul, made me weary of society, yet more weary of solitude. My undoer became indifferent, in proportion as I became wretched, and in a very short time entirely withdrew himself from our family. This was the only circumstance that now was wanting to open my eyes effectually. I could not trace to its source every artifice that conspired in my destruction, and viewed the consequence of my easy compliance with every horror that blasted fame and self reproach could accumulate. I viewed—as a fiend, who had sought my happiness, to devour it with a savage barbarity. My tears daily betrayed an unspeakable anguish greater than bodily pain (to which my parents ascribed it) and I courted the retired haunts of silence and meditation, there to indulge a

perpetuity of sorrow, that overpowered and weakened my mind. A deadly consumption seized my weak frame—with gladness I perceived its progress; I looked on it as the harbinger of my best friend—an end to all my griefs—of death. Could it be otherwise than acceptable? Deprived of every hope of future happiness, I dared not recount the days of innocence, nor review that integrity of manners, which was my early pride. The contrast between my former and my present situation, shook my very reason. The insanity of reiterated, though momentary despair reduced me to that misery, which no language can express. Beyond the conviction of my crime, I had not, could not, have a wish to live. The speedy hand of death beckoned me to leave a world in which I was unfit to live, and where my only distinction was, that I had attained the dismal privilege of ranking first on the list of the miserable, having ceased to move in the honorable, though humble sphere of goodness & wisdom. * * * * *

Unwarrantable and undutiful as my departure from ——— may have appeared to many, I have not been unmindful of the ties which I left behind me. When I reflect on the many attachments I contracted, I have often expressed a wish that I had no friend, no relation on earth, none to interest themselves in my conduct, and suffer with my sufferings.——But

that is impossible. sorrow and indignation must occupy their minds and break their peace. I do not plead against what indignant virtue or even malice can advance on my unhappy fate. When the world, of which I am unworthy, shall see me no more, my name will be mentioned with some tenderness.

Yes, my dear friend, the lightest mansion to which I am hastening will bury all. There I may find that compassion, which the relentless modes of censure never grant to wretches like me. There whatever good I possessed, whatever amiss I have done, shall be remembered, if remembered at all, with equal sympathy. Thinking on me when there, some in an hour of tenderness may allow my claims on better days. Let me comfort myself at this dying hour with those hopes—for all earthly friendship can only reach by memory. Nature almost already exhausted, must soon yield to her enemy—grief. I have no interest in the pleasing scenes of life—They disappear—I have an interest above them.

Think not, Lucinda, however, while I view my approaching dissolution with composure, that death is wholly drest in smiles. No—while I have sense and recollection, every hour has a portion of the bitter, and is only tolerable as alleviated by those hopes, which the world can neither give nor take away. * * *

Before my trembling hand closes this letter, let me for once more turn my eyes towards him, who has thus desolated a mind that might have been fruitful in rectitude and happiness—If I am guilty what is He? If I be despised by the world, can there be any who can



* *Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*"

For the Lady's Miscellany.

A MASONIC HYMN.

Unto thyself great God belong,
Our mystic rites and sacred song!
Most lowly bending at thy shrine,
We praise thy majesty divine!

O! Glorious Architect above,
Thou source of light and source of love,
Thy beaming truth and love prevail,
Hail! hail Almighty Master hail!

Shining in yonder regions bright,
The sun by day the moon by night,
And orient stars that guild the sky,
Shall blazen forth thy praise on high,

While Earth will join, and as it rolls,
From East to West, from pole to pole,
Will lift to heaven her grateful lays,
And join in Universal praise.

Glowing with thy benignant grace,
Sweet friendship link'd the human race
And pity lodg'd within her breast,
Kind Charity became her guest!

'Tis there the naked raiment found,
Sickness—soft balsom for its wound,
And sorrow comfort, hunger bread,
Strangers therein a welcome shade.

Still to thy sons, O God, dispense,
Thy true divine benevolence!
And teach the tender tear to flow,
Soon melting at a Brother's wee!

Like good Samaira's son, may we,
Be bless'd with boundless CHARITY:
Then to the admiring world we'll prove,
They dwell in God who dwell in love.

FLY NOT YET.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When *pleasure*, like the midnight flow'r,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon!
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade,
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then the soft attractions glowing,
Set the tides and goblets flowing!

Oh! stay—Oh! stay—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to night, that oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through *Ammon's* shade,*
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet, still like souls of mirth began,

To burn when night was near;
And thus should women's hearts & looks,
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning;

Oh! stay—Oh! stay—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake,
As those that sparkle here.

* *Solis Fons*, near the temple of *Ammon*.

TO MR. N—,

In every scene of life Religion cheers,
And Sharon's rose the emblem fair ap-
pear. E. B.

From the Shamrock.

The following was composed impromptu, on seeing the engraving of Emmet's urn. The effect of national feeling instantly produced the lines to which we now with pleasure give insertion.

LINES,

ON ROBERT EMMET, ESQ.

Underneath yon drooping laurel,
Erin's hero lowly lies;
For his shade the maidens carol,
And often breathe sad sorrow's sighs.

And oft they strew, with tear-wet flowers,

Glorious Emmet's narrow home;
And long they sigh, till eve's grey hours,
Tell them o'er the heath to roam.

On his grave a Shamrock blooming,
Sweetly spreads its leaves of green;
O'er it a wild rose perfuming;
Beauteous decks the lonely scene.

Oft when the moon, bright empress,
weeping

The gentle dews of sable night;
And on the Shamrock, sweetly sleeping,
Sheds her pale and trembling light;

Then from their airy balls descending,
Martyr'd spirits requiems sing;
The summer's breeze their sad notes
blending,
Its slow sweet rise will upward
spring.

And oft when rosy neck-eyed morning
Peeps along the eastern hill,
The gentle robin sweetly mourning,
Near Emmet's grave, his soft notes
trill.

Sons of Erin, may you never
Forget your patriot hero's wrongs,
And 'till death your heart strings sever,
Praise him in your wild war songs.

Erin's daughters, young and blooming,

Let your voices sound his name;

Tho' now the sky be dark and glooming.

He yet shall rise to lasting fame;

MARY.

Checks, Cards, Handbills

AND PRINTING IN GENERAL,
Neatly and correctly executed, on
reasonable terms; and goods
(of any kind) will be taken
in part payment,—at the

Office of the
LADY'S MISCELLANY

FOR SALE at this OFFICE,
The 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12th, Volumes
of the LADY'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY,
handsomely bound and lettered.
Price \$ 1 50 cents, per volume.

Thomas H. Brantingham, has removed to No. 145 Broadway, where he continues to procure money on Mortgages, notes of hand & deposits, buys & sells houses, improved farms, & tracts of land. Also lets & leases houses & lots, on reasonable commission.—Also the lease of 2 houses, & an annuity. Also for sale 30 farms, several with good improvements, will be sold low, goods & property of every sort taken in payment, or any who forms a company tickets & draw for the different farms will be liberally paid for it. Also a skillful farming man with a good character, will meet with encouragement by applying as above.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL B. WHITE,
No. 317 Water-street, New-York
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.